

SALMAGUNDI, No. XIII.

Saturday, August 5th, 1820.

I KNOW not why it is that there is always something so touching in the simplicity of aged people, unless it be that it affords a convincing proof that they have preserved the purity of their hearts, through a long course of trial and temptation. The simplicity of youth is nothing but the absence of all experience, and the wisdom of age too often partakes of that cold, unfeeling apathy, which is probably the natural result of long observation of human character, and human actions.

However this very common species of wisdom may challenge our respect, it seldom, I believe, calls forth those warm yet gentle attachments, which are so often awakened in the hearts of young people, by the contemplation of a sensible old man, who has almost finished his course, without having worn away his heart, or bartered

the simplicity of hoping believing youth, for the wary apathy of worldly wisdom. In proportion as such characters are rare, is the affection they call forth in the hearts of all who have the happiness to share their society.

Wherever we see such a being, he is the centre of a little social circle, around which revolve the listening babbling train, who never fail to recognize a friend and companion in these pleasant graybeards, that share in their hopes, partake of their enthusiasm, and join in their innocent recreations, without forfeiting that respect, which familiarity is so apt to destroy. None but the vulgar, the foolish, or the depraved will ever abuse these little condescensions; nor has it ever fallen to my lot, to see the union of goodness and simplicity ridiculed, except among those who had lost that nice relish of human character, which is the combined result of sensibility and purity of heart.

Long ago, even before the revolution, I used to spend my summer vacations at the seat of an old gentleman, who had the honour of being of his majesty's council, in the then colony of New Jersey, and on one occasion actually officiated as president, on the death or absence of the governor. Those who remember this period,

cannot fail of calling to mind the importance which attached to every person, who had the honour of bearing any portion of his majesty's authority in these provinces. They were looked up to as a kind of nobility, and I very much question whether our respect for them at that period, did not transcend what we now feel for majesty itself.

He resided at a farm, which is still in the possession of his descendents, and mixed agriculture, politics, and literature in his daily occupations. At one time, he would be found reading history, and making extracts in his common-place book, which is still extant; at another, he was occupied in writing long letters to the governor, on the subject of the necessity of a church establishment, or the means of quieting the troubles which led to the revolution; and at another, trimming his apple trees, or writing his journal, which is full of rural memorandums, mixed with scraps of history, political reflections, and grumblings at the conduct of his majesty's ministers.

In the winter evenings, he was accustomed to gather the children, black and white, about him, at the fire; in summer, under the locust trees at the door. Here he would tell them over and over again, the tale of Sinbad the Sailor, and

Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp, mingling with his narration, reflections of a moral nature, and drawing lessons of practical utility, even from the wild creations of eastern fancy. One of his favourite recreations of a fine summer evening, was to collect us on the piazza, and point out to our notice the different stars and planets, as they glittered and sparkled in the blue vault of heaven. He knew them all by heart; their magnitude, their distances, and their names. It was one of our evening lessons, to point out and distinguish each by its peculiar aspect; and I remember the old gentleman often chid me, because I could never fairly detect the north star among the rest of the heavenly host. I do not mean to insinuate that he was a pagan; but he almost worshipped Jupiter and Mars, and the most devoted idolater of antiquity never adored the queen of love and beauty with more enthusiasm, than I have seen him watch the star of Venus, as it held its splendid course athwart the western summer sky.

I never knew a man who could mix active and sedentary employments so naturally together, or whose mind could descend so happily from the affairs of the state, to those of his farm. He would return from the tour of his estate, which he regularly made every fair day; change

his dress, which he always did before dinner; and then retire to his library, to write letters of instruction to the secretary of state for the colonial department, who by the way, in the opinion of my old kinsman, would never have lost his vocation if he had followed these advices. If ever a man was in love with any thing, he was with his farm; but it was not a sordid affection, arising from the profits he derived from it, or its specific value.

He loved it as the home, and the burial place of his ancestors; as the spot of his birth; the scene of his early pleasures; the source of his aged enjoyments. He had regular stopping places, where he never failed to halt, and admire the prospect with an air of honest heartfelt complacency, which increased with age. Every hill had its name, as well as every field, and was celebrated for some beauty or excellence, that made it an object of peculiar attention.

The house is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Jersey, at the foot of a range of high hills which form the source of the river Passaick, and just at the edge of the valley watered by that beautiful stream. To the northwest it is sheltered by lofty eminences; to the east it opens upon an extensive landscape, more charmingly variegated with hill and dale, meadow

and harvest field, and waving woodlands, than almost any I ever remember to have seen. To the north, the eye is carried along the foot of the hills, through a smiling valley which is terminated by the white steeple of a village church; and to the south, where the hills incline to a curve eastward, the view is terminated by a little town, basking among the green fields and woods, on the side of the hills. A fine grove of old locust trees protects the house from the sun towards the south, along the edge of which runs a clear brook, abounding in trout. Almost every field is watered by one of these streams, descending from the hills, and winding their way to the Passaick, which is seen from the front of the house, at the distance of about a mile, meandering and glittering among the green woods and meadows.

In this retreat, the old gentleman had passed his life almost without intermission, and having mixed but little with the world, retained a sort of primeval simplicity of character, which, blended as it was with great good sense, and no inconsiderable degree of information, made him an object of respect and love to all within the sphere of his influence.

But as his reading had been very much confined to particular books, so his knowledge as

well as his prejudices were of a certain old fashioned cast, that rendered them peculiarly respectable to my mind. Clarendon, Rapin, Echard, and Burnett were his oracles in English history; and Rollin and Plutarch in that of the ancients. He disliked the presbyterians, puritans, anabaptists, and calvinists, and if he was ever guilty of an ill-natured speech, it was generally levelled at some of these, in the shape of an anecdote from one or other of his favourite historians. The Craftsman, the Gentleman's Magazine, and the St. James' Chronicle, were among his favourite readings; and his commonplace book abounds in unfavourable notices of a certain Caleb Danvers, a great champion of the whigs in England, somewhere about the year seventeen hundred and thirty-five. He maintained, on all occasions, the character of the princes of the house of Lancaster, against the charges and insinuations of Rapin; admired queen Elizabeth beyond all her sex, and hated Oliver Cromwell more cordially in his way, than any other person that ever lived, except bloody Mary, as he called her. Inclining as he did, to the old tory party of queen Anne, he had no great respect for either Russel, Sidney, Hampden or Pym. He did not deny but that they meant well, although their conduct and theories, he

maintained, were calculated to overthrow every established principle of civil government. During the whole progress of the revolution, he continued to predict that its success would only lead to anarchy, division, and bloodshed among us. His papers abound with examples drawn from Greece and Rome, and of course having no application whatever to our peculiar geographical position, and still more peculiar constitution of government. Not one of his predictions have come to pass, but as this is the case with those of an infinite number of wise men and philosophers of all ages, I dont consider it any impeachment of his sagacity.

As a member of his majesty's council, he was of course often obliged to attend upon the business of the colony, at the seat of government, in the then fair, flourishing and fashionable town of Amboy, and his attachment to a church establishment, caused him to take great interest in ecclesiastical affairs. Indeed no man appears to have known better than himself, the intimate and inseparable connexion between the British civil and ecclesiastical polity. But he always turned from the affairs of the state, to those of his rural domain, with a pleasure proportioned to the length of his absence. Here he entered up his diary, and noted with minute

precision, every particular occurrence that had taken place while he was away, mingling with these, his reflections on church and state, and matters and things in general.

But his mode of life, as well as the mingled strength and simplicity of his character, will best appear by the following extracts from his diary, and common-place book, which are given just as I find them recorded in the hand writing of the old gentleman. It may be well to mention, that he lived to see the revolution happily consummated, although it must be confessed, he never could be brought to acknowledge that we had gained any thing by it worth the struggle. I believe this might be partly owing to his having, just about the commencement of the troubles, written a long letter to a brother member of the council, foretelling a great many crying evils that must inevitably result from the acquisition of independence. Not one of these, as I before observed, ever came to pass; and the old gentleman, with all his good nature, I believe, never heartily forgave the states for the affront thus put upon his sagacity.

That portion of the diary from which the following extracts are made, is not so minute as some of the preceding ones, my kinsman

having now become aged, and losing his relish for writing, in a great measure.

DIARY.

December 23d, 1775.—John Utters calls three times a week, to make apologies for not paying me for a steer he bought last fall, and get a drink of cider. This day told him if he would say no more about it, I would forgive him the debt.

January 1st, 1776.—New Year's day—servants all came to wish me the compliments of the season—Adam a little gay before breakfast I thought—the fellow came near scalding me with the tea pot—my father had him of old governor Cornbury, who had no objection to a glass himself.

February 19th.—Change of the moon—I sawed off several large limbs from the black walnut trees, growing on the left hand side of the road. They bled very much.

March 12th.—A great snow storm to-day—the snow drifted so as to cover the currant bushes, at the north side of the garden.

April 2d.—A great deal of wet weather. The report is, that the commissioners are on the seas, from England, to negotiate a pacification—names are the duke of Grafton, lord Howe, co-

lonel Barre, governor Johnstone, and captain Barrington—too late now.

April 21st.—A cold easterly wind—went part of the way to church on horseback, but returned home—not a blossom to be seen.

April 25th.—Wind south-west—first peach blossom appears.

May 2d.—Froze in the night—blossoms all dead, except the honeysuckle, which began to swell early in March.

June 4th.—Birth day—said nothing about it, but had a bottle from the south east corner of the store room—the governor's favourite wine.

July 10th.—Just heard of the Declaration of Independence, by the —— congress. Poor men, I am afraid some of them will swing for it. The country people hereabout are burning tar barrels—I think they had better mind their business.

July 25th.—Make it a rule never to employ a magistrate in recovering your debts, who is an assemblyman, or one that has a dependence on the people for any office he is fond of.

TO MAKE A SACK POSSET.

Take a quart of sweet cream, and boil it with a blade of mace—have in readiness fourteen

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yolks of eggs beaten—N. B.—Be particular not to beat them against the sun—take the cream off the fire—stir them together—then have a pint of sack boiling hot, sweetened with sugar—fine—pour your posset therein, stirring it all the while—then cover it close with a hot dish, and let it stand near the fire half an hour, and in that time, it will be fit for use—you must make it either in a silver dish, or basin.

August 3d.—Leaves of the locust trees already dropping—hay down in the long meadow—quite spoiled with the rains.

October 26th.—The latter end of this month, I pruned the lowest English apple tree near the large barrack, and the English pear tree, next the little arbour.

November 1st.—Great passing of soldiers—I was forced to provide something for them from morning till night—much fatigued, and many alarms of the regulars coming, but no certainty.

March 11th, 1777.—A beautiful morning, as if in the middle of April. Sat a little while in front of the door, but the sun shone so hot, I was obliged to go in.

April 4th.—Froze hard last night. It is reported that they are making batteaux and other such craft, at New York, to be transported to Brunswick, and thence by land to the Delaware.

April 13th.—One of the servants brought in a peach blossom, full blown. The inside bark of the elder, is excellent for curing a sore in horses. Be generous to an Indian, for he will remember it. Ingratitude belongs to people that boast of polished manners.

January 4th and 5th, 1778.—Moderate weather. Just now told, that a Bristol short pipe is sold at two-thirds of a dollar. I gave, myself, fifty-five paper dollars a bushel for salt, the day before yesterday. The empress of Russia, once sent a code of laws to England and France. Fear—not the first principle—new born infants not afraid. Fools of rank, make a screen of their dignity.

April 12th.—Warm, hazy weather, and southerly wind, with fogs—frogs croaking—buds swelling—I heard a little bird just now, in the willows along the brook.

April 15th.—Cold and dry—hear neither frogs nor birds to day.

September 20th.—Moderate weather. A young peach tree standing at the upper end of the raspberry bushes, near the mulberry tree, close to the upper part of the vineyard, I think is a Newington. The count d'Estaing, with the French fleet at Boston, refitting—lord Howe,

with his at the Hook. His lordship and sir William, better both go home.

September 28th.—Put into Christopher's patch, on the west side thereof, four Newington clingstones, one yard apart. Much firing heard to day, in the direction of Amboy.

June 1st.—Branches of the fruit trees, grown a foot this year. I measured the limb of a walnut tree, that had grown two feet since last fall. Wrought gold, sells at New York for five shillings a pennyweight. The locust trees before the door, planted in the spring of 1758, about the bigness of a man's thumb.—The height of the children was measured the 17th March, 1742—again, the 16th February, 1745; between these two periods they have grown, *Kit* six inches, and *Charity* seven and a half.

April 4th.—Signed a letter of license to Constant King, and promised Joe Hull to wait till next September. He says his harvest will enable him to pay—dont believe it.

June 7th.—Stephen Hedges did not begin work till one o'clock—Michael Drum has liberty to allow Sam Stilwell to sow his fallow field, for two years. Kit and Charity sent to a new school. The little cart was brought home badly mended.

September 1st.—Mem—to inquire of Darby, whether he has any account of Joe Hull. Measured the mulberry tree near the wood pile, almost seven feet from the ground, (being on horse-back) and found it six and a half inches in circumference. The middle of October a good time to gather quinces.

January 19th.—Memorandums.

To plant mazzard at the end of the great walk—to take up the dead apple tree, at the corner of the garden fence—to plant out peach trees, in the several farms—to secure the black walnuts, growing in the lane to Stryker's—to discharge Betsey Fielding, or else cause her to marry Zopher Gildersleeve, and send master *Kit* out of the way—to send Connelly about his business when he gets well—last evening, in watering the molten mare he ran over Mingo, and bruised him so that he is laid up. After this, he tumbled off the mare and put out his collar bone. The fellow says it is the falling sickness, but I shall send him about his business—Tom Connelly is here meant, not Stephen. To tell Burkle, that the fore quarter of veal he sent home, weighed scant ten ounces. They only, who have no good qualities of their own, are always preaching up the virtues of their an-

cestors. This is just like the ruined spendthrift, boasting of his father's great wealth.

An excellent motto I saw on a sun dial at the grove, *Monio et movio*—to the best of my recollection, "I admonish, as I move."

SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

Had sir William Howe fortified the hills round Boston, he could not have been disgracefully driven from that place—had he pursued his victory at Long Island, he had ended the rebellion—had he landed above the lines at New York, not a man could have escaped him—had he fought the Americans at Bronx, he was sure of a victory—had he cooperated with the northern army, he had saved it—or had he gone to Philadelphia by land, he had ruined Mr. Washington and his forces. But as he did none of these things, had he gone to the d—l before he was sent to America, it had been a saving of infamy to himself, and of indelible disgrace to England.

Rapin says, in 1217 Lincoln was taken by the regent Pembroke; it was abandoned to be plun-

dered by the soldiers, where was found an inestimable booty, and therefore called it Lincoln fair. One may guess at the great riches of the cathedral which was pillaged, when Geoffrey de Drapinges, precentor, complained that he had lost for his share, 11,000 marks. A precentor, is the chanter who begins the psalm in a cathedral. The mark was anciently valued at thirty shillings sterling. This was singing to some tune, I think.

Sir Thomas More was a great persecutor of the reformed. Cardinal Woolsey was not; during his ministry, no person was prosecuted for heresy, though the clergy wanted to exercise their usual severity, had they been left to take their own course. The cardinal carried a high hand over the clergy, as well as laity, which is probably the reason why none of the historians have done justice to his character. He was a great man, who served a small master.

Tindal was the first who translated the bible into English. Rapin says, that the bishop of London having notice of it, caused some copies to be seized, and publicly burnt by the hangman; but this was so far from injuring the reformation, that it turned to its advantage. Many persons, full of indignation at this impious act, inferred that the scriptures were contrary to

the religion generally professed, since the clergy took such care to hinder the bible being read.

Hall, Fox and Burnett say, that Tunstall, bishop of London, being at Antwerp, where Tindal was in 1529, sent for one Packington, and desired him to go and see how many of Tindal's New Testaments he might have for money. Packington acquainted Tindal with what the bishop proposed. Tindal was very glad of it, for he was then designing a new and more correct edition; but being poor, and the former impression not being yet sold off, he could not go about it. So giving Packington all the copies that he had on his hands, the bishop paid for them, and brought them over, and burnt them all in Cheapside. Next year, when the second edition was finished, many more were brought over; and chancellor More inquiring who it was that encouraged and supported them at Antwerp, was told that the greatest encouragement they had, was from the bishop of London, who had bought up half of the old impression. This made all that heard it laugh heartily, and some said it was diamond cut diamond. Tindal was afterwards burnt in Flanders, crying out at the stake, "Lord open the eyes of the king of England."

Count Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador to

James the first, was one of the most able, that is, cunning negociators in the world. He directed the policy of James on all great occasions, and more than once diverted the resources of England to the purposes of his master. Witness his having procured the sending of sir Robert Mansel (see Rapin) into the Mediterranean to destroy the Algerines, which secured the Spanish coasts and shipping, and diverted to another use, that money and strength which should have been employed for the defence of the Palatinate. He was a man of spritely qualities, and used pleasantly to relate how when he first came to London, he thought every body was just on the point of riding out of town, by reason they all wore boots, so universal was the custom at that time. James the first a most despicable character.

Denzil lord Hollis tells a remarkable story from his own knowledge, concerning Oliver Cromwell, that shows he was as arrant a coward, as he was notoriously perfidious, ambitious and hypocritical. This was his base conduct in keeping out of the field at Keinton battle, where he, with his troop of horse, came not in; impudently affirming afterwards, that he had been seeking the army all day, though his quarters were at a village near at hand, and the firing

heard twenty or thirty miles. Oliver was a buffoon likewise, as Ludlow relates in his memoirs; for on some occasion, when the council of officers had been debating an important affair, just as they were separating, Cromwell laid hold of a cushion and threw it at Ludlow's head, running down stairs immediately thereafter. But Ludlow affirms, that hastily catching up the cushion, he followed to the head of the stairs, and throwing it after, caused Oliver to hasten down faster than he desired.

“True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise. It arises in the first place, from the enjoyment of oneself; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows. In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her.” *Spectator*, Vol. 1. No. 15. Mem—to give this to the girls to read, whenever they pester me about going to New York.

WE have lately been informed, that ever since last summer, when we bestowed the diadem of the dandies upon *Tippy Tittipup*, the Saturday evening club of that growing fraternity, has been exceedingly disturbed, by two great factions, the one consisting of imported dandies, or young Americans, just from a trading voyage to London and Liverpool, headed by *Randie Dandie*; the other composed of indigenous dandies, and marshalled under *Tippy* the first. At their last meeting, the quarrel ran so high, that *Tippy's* lacings gave up the ghost, and poor *Randie*, in attempting to give his head the dignified toss of contempt, received very serious damage from his patent stiffener, the whalebones whereof obtruding themselves under his chin, arrested its descent, and dislodged three of his false teeth. It is firmly believed there would certainly have occurred another affair of honour, between these valiant machines, had it not been for some newly awakened scruples on the part of *Tippy*, who has taken an oath against fighting, in consequence of having lately been brevetted.

Fighting being therefore out of the case, it was agreed to refer the decision to our worshipful trio, and accordingly a few days ago, I received the following letters, one of which was

handed me by the postman, the other by a black-man, in a gold laced hat and livery.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,—I have been near suffocating ever since the flagrant injustice you did me, in setting aside my claims, in favour of Tippy Tittipup, who never walked the sunny side of Bond street, nor was invited to an English cattle show in all his life. Being determined not to be answerable for any thing I say in this letter, I am not afraid to express my opinion, and support my rights, in defiance of the consequences.

I was born in old England sir. I saw the allied sovereigns enter Paris, with lord Castle-reagh at their head. I have dined every day for three months, at Beauvilliers—I had the honour to be caricatured by the French print sellers—I have lost my memory, and I wear a London coat, instead of a Watson. In London, I walked every fair day in Bond street, where I was distinguished by several people laughing at me; and went every night to the opera, where I cried bravissimo so loud, that I had the honour to be hissed several times. I talk through my nose, and I came very near being at the battle of Waterloo, only I was so long changing my dress after the ball at Brussels, that I arrived there three days too late.

In France, I learned to call a boy garçon, and eat three dozen pates at a meal; and in England I invented a new language, which I may say without any particular boasting, rivals the slang of Newgate, Botany Bay, or the Heart of Mid Lothian. In short, I may venture to affirm, that but for my assistance, the dandies would never be able to talk without ideas, as they do at present. Besides this, I was the first person in England that wore false calves, artificial hips, and bosom friends, to make us look like ladies—and last of all, the inimitable corset, the idea of which I borrowed of an old gentleman who was troubled with a certain infirmity.

Last spring I drove over eleven—no, thirteen piggies, a couple of old women—and turned over three times. The last time, I lamed the only horse I ever paid for; which accident, I verily believe, arose from that singular circumstance, as I never paid for any thing in my life, without its turning out a bad bargain. One of my upsettings, was in consequence of attempting the feat of the cow, which entitles a dandy to the presidency of the club for three weeks. My attempt was utterly defeated, in consequence of the cow taking occasion to get up, at the moment one of the wheels was passing over

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her body. Luckily the ditch by the road side was particularly soft, so that I only stuck in the mud like unto a mandrake, my legs kicking in the air with vast energy, until a monster, dressed in a shirt and trowsers, came and pulled me up by the roots. I intended to reward him bountifully in promises, had he not squared the account by laughing at me like a hobgoblin. The worst of the accident was, that Tippy, who pretends to drive against me, got the whip hand on this occasion; the story became a standing joke at the club, until a law was passed, strictly forbidding the members from laughing at each other, as the public seems inclined to take that trouble off our hands.

As it is rather genteel to be literary, I occasionally dabble a little in poetry, which I send home to be published in *La Belle Assemblée*. I have once or twice lately descended to criticism, but really sir, that has grown so vulgarly common, that I think of giving it up to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. I beg you will excuse my withholding the signature I use, which, however, I declare upon honour, is not Sedley, as has been maliciously asserted. The honest truth of the business is, that I dont take so much credit for the actual excellence of my productions, as for my newly invented method of com-

posing, which I am told has lately been adopted by the most distinguished critics of Great Britain. I flatter myself, it carries the palm from the Grammatical Mirror, the new mode of teaching Tachigraphy and French, in less than no time, or any other improvement of the kind, since the last visit of captain Gulliver, to the island of Laputa. You will be pleased to understand, that I always dress with exquisite delicacy, and if it happens to be one of my well looking days, seat myself directly before a full length mirror, which reflects my whole person. As I flatter myself with being of the first order of fine forms, the contemplation of my figure affords me such inexpressible satisfaction, that my ideas flow with the greatest vivacity, and my vanity being not a little inflated, I soon become sufficiently arrogant, conceited, and positive for a first rate reviewer.

Being fearful of tiring your patience, and, like certain great lawyers, losing my cause by fatiguing the judge, I forbear to give the particulars of my new invention for killing time. It will be sufficient to say, that by this mode, I was enabled to pass three weeks at Ballston, and might have outlived a month, had not the old fubsy housekeeper packed me off, from *Sans souci*, for disturbing the poor invalids at night,

who eat two chickens, &c. for dinner, and breakfast on beef steaks when they can get them I now leave my cause in your hands, warning you sir, at the same time, against being influenced in your decision, by national antipathies or attachments.

Yours, &c.

RANDIE DANDIE.

I confess the foregoing letter raised considerable doubts whether I had not been rather precipitate, in bestowing the diadem of the dandies on *Tippy* the first. The following communication from that distinguished youth, has, however, fully convinced me that his claims to that high station, are incontrovertible. I do therefore, with the advice and consent of my coadjutors, hereby, and by these presents, proclaim the said Tippy Tittipup, king of all the dandies, not only of New York, but in the United States, and forbid any person to question his claims, under penalty of being deemed a disciple of Thomas Paine, and an enemy to the holy alliance.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR,

It is not out of any selfish regard to my own personal interests, or individual feelings, that I

am induced to come before the public with my private affairs. I flatter myself, that my reputation among the dandies is too well established, to be injured by the preposterous rivalry, and unfounded, as well as ungentlemanly pretensions of Mr. Randie Dandie. I beg you not to be alarmed sir, at this free language. You must be fully aware, that when once gentlemen have publicly announced their scruples against fighting, they are perfectly at liberty to outrage all other rules of christian forbearance with impunity. There is no necessity, according to the present moral code, that a man's scruples should prevent his giving an offence, provided he has the courage to avoid making any kind of atonement. Besides sir, both myself and my rival are men of established reputation for courage, and consequently, are perfectly justifiable in disturbing the peace of this community, by public appeals, couched in language to which none but gentlemen thus happily exempted from being civil to each other, could demand, without being under the necessity of answering for it. But to return from this unprovoked digression.

Being no great fist at a long letter, I forbear to enter at length upon the nature of the respective claims of the pretender and myself, but will rest mine entirely on the following journal

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of a day, say in the month of September, when the town is full of southern belles, and every dandy on the alert.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, 10 o'clock A. M.—Partly waked, and I think, as far as I recollect, rung for Cleofas, to inquire what day it was—Cleofas said Sunday, whereupon turned over again and slept till bells rung for one—horrid practice this, of ringing bells—cant the people tell when to go to church without this eternal sounding of brass?—cogitated whether it was worth while to get up—decided mem—con, no—slept till dinner—then till tea—at night, at it again. N. B. Vulgar to be seen in the streets on Sunday—looks as if you attended church.

Monday, 9 A. M.—Waked by a bloody chimney sweep, under window—black as a little bob tailed d—l—tried to get asleep again—disturbed by ticking of watch—rung for Cleofas to take it away, and see what time it was—Cleofas fast asleep, or out as usual—obliged to look myself—cursed bore that—made a pun on Cleofas—called him a *sad* fellow—N. B.—Fellow's name is *Sad*.

Monday morning, 11.—Waked again by something or other—cant tell what—town not fit for

gentlemen to sleep in—decreed to get up—called Cleofas, and all hands to lace corsetts—clumsy barbarians broke lacings of best pair—tried another—broke that—swore! could'nt help laughing though, to see don Cleofas tumble one way, and fat cookey 'tother, when strings gave way—finished at last—laus deo!

Half past eleven.—Breakfast—could'nt swallow—corsetts too tight—tea flew up in naso—Cleofas grinned—popt tea cup and all in the rascal's physiognomy—excellent face for a shot—broad as it is long—no appetite, took up the papers—mem—Pomeroy's paste—watchmen robbed while asleep—musical prodigies—queen—cheap hats, &c. &c.—sat down to write a comparison—Phillips and Incledon—mem—dont know yankey doodle from a sea serpent—all one—have some notion I thought of "tweedle dum, and tweedle dee,"—not positive though.

Twelve.—Walked out in dress number thirteen—item, white Benjamin, ten capes, skirts sweep the streets—better than the blackamoors—up broad way—aerated mead—pass on—carbonated mead—onesiporous mead—mem—to go and consult chemical nomenclature for these bloody hard names—looked down all the cross streets—concluded *Patty Pet* had'nt taken the field yet—meant to call on her, but forgot it,

looking at St. Paul in front of Ditto church—mem—Paul would'nt cut much of a dash at our club—went home to ask Cleofas the time of day—put on dress number one.

Two P. M.—Set out again, due north—quere—*set* or *sat*? consult Midas about it—debated whether to keep up Broadway again, or go down Wall street to get *shaved*—got through half an hour considering about it—met Billy Dandelion and Randie, who looked hard at my Watson—beat his Londoner all to shreds and patches—kept on, made every body, especially the ladies turn out, except a disagreeable Dutch market woman, who shouldered her fat elbow into Billy's whalebone, gallanting him into the gutter—Billy's corsetts burst with rage—obliged to go home in a carriage—could'nt walk without stay-tape, whalebone, &c.—rest kept on—met Patty Pet in her walking dress—mem—white sattin shoes—asked if we were going to see Wallack—famous fellow for fighting—dies like a game chicken—costume the very thing—dress all in all at Drury, and Cov. Garden—proof of the refinement of Johnny's taste.

Three.—Street Arabia deserta—people dine like pigs now a days, when they are hungry—afternoon infamously elongated—only three regular meals a day—no hot suppers—lamenta-

tion of Johnny Bull Bradshaw Fearon there-upon—sought domicil—looked into last Port Folio—gave a great yawn, and fell plump into a state of somnium ab obsoletis—vide—miss Rachel Baker—dreamed of poor Joe Dennie.

Four.—Dinner—infamous cookery—such loads of every thing! why dont our people practice Johnny's secret of converting every thing into a luxury, by making the necessities of life scarce? Poor Johnny Bull Bradshaw Fearon! no hot suppers—quere—do Englishmen come here to eat? Quarterly Review man calls squire Fearon a fool, a Jacobin and a liar—yet concludes by believing every thing he says against us—good, this is the true orthodox faith—managed to swallow a stout dinner, and drink a bottle—hard work though—whalebone creaked for it—went to sleep, like a *boa constrictor*, after swallowing an ox—waked by a prodigious noise—thought of the powder house at Brooklyn—found it was corsetts giving way—swore myself into another nap.

Six.—Opened my eyes upon don Cleofas' mouth, that stood wide open like a frost bitten lip, at seeing the dismemberment of my costume—repaired damages—strolled to the theatre—Patty Pet not there—located in No. 3.—turned critic, and fell fast asleep—heard a great clap-

ping of hands—opened the corner of one eye next my nose, and saw something fighting on its back, like a sword-fish—somebody cried bravo! I cried O!—and thought I should like to see Tom Cooper once more, instead of the sword-fish gentleman—spied Randie, and Dandelion in the third row, and incontinently gathered myself together to approximate forthwith towards their whalebone, machinery and stuffing—settled to adjourn to Nibblo's for a supper and rubber—picked up Benedict Tibbles—Tibbles just noosed—carried him off in triumph.

Eleven—till 4 A. M.—Whist—supper—whist—Tibbles wanted to go home—quizzed him about curtain lectures, and petticoat government—put all the reckoning on him—mem—Nibblo got paid *that* time—Nib thought we were quizzing him, when we called for bill—sallied *out* a little *in* for it—Tibbles bloody frisky—pulled over an empty hogshead, and unkennelled a trusty watchman in a state of *somnium ab ebrietate*—as the pro. calls it—vide Rachel—whacked his club three times on the curb stone—surrounded—taken prisoners, and carried to the marble tower under ground—scene, watch house—blackguards, sans corsetts—tried one of the benches for a nap—*quercus virens*—hard as secondary rocks—annoyed my whalebone—morn-

ing—"aurora now fair daughter"—carried before his honour, who pretended not to know us, though I had been at his parties a hundred times—gave it to us roundly and soundly, and tried to make us blush—would'nt do—catch a genuine at that—fined us, and let us off—went home—on my way, was complimented by an old put on my early rising!—heard afterwards Tibbles' wife had got a fever, because he staid out all night! what a ninney!

Yours,

TIPPY TITTIPUP.

THE BASHAW OF CYPRUS.

Who is there that has not heard of Cyprus, that island, once so celebrated as the abode of the goddess of love, and the spot where she was worshipped with the purest devotion? Its rich wines, its yellow pomegranates, delicious apricots and beautiful women, were the themes of ancient poets; while its gardens were consecrated to luxurious retirement, and its altars to love. Its women, the most beautiful of all the

Grecian isles, furnished the models of those exquisite forms, that still almost live and breathe in the statues, medals and gems of ancient Greece, and all the graces of Circassia were outdone, by these once celebrated islanders.

Its climate, though warm, was tempered by cool shades, and mountain breezes, sweeping over flowery fields, that like those of Sicily and Rhodes, perfumed the air to such an extent, that the mariner was wont to scent his approach to land, before he could distinguish it with his eye from the mast head. The remains of its ruined cities, still excite the wonder of the traveller, as he wanders among tombs, whose Soroi of massy rock, are now emptied of their ancient tenants, and used as cisterns by their posterity, yet still bear those inscriptions, so remarkably contrasted in brevity and simplicity, with the pompous rhodomontade of modern epitaphs. In other places, he stumbles among broken pillars, anciently belonging to temples, which, though devoted to the worship of pagan gods, yet from their grandeur and antiquity, excite a feeling of awe and reverence, worthy a purer divinity. Every where, there remain traces of that magnificence, and those far famed beauties of art and nature, which rendered this renowned isle, the favourite theme of ancient song.

But the baleful crescent has shed its malignant beams upon the early abode of the muses, the graces and the goddess of beauty. The haughty, indolent, and avaricious Turk, now lords it over the gardens and temples once consecrated to poetry and pleasure; the temples are desolate, and the gardens become the hiding place of degenerate slaves, who seek in their shades, a refuge from the eyes of an inflexible tyrant, to whom the possession of wealth is a crime, and the omission to comply with his exactions, the signal of torture and death. Oppression has turned the once flowery and fruitful earth into a sterile desert, where the traveller never finds a tree by the road side, under which to shelter himself from the heat of the sun, and the camel kneels down to rest himself in the dust, that almost scorches him to the bone. Nay, the very air has become infected with pestilence; the ruined aqueducts and cisterns, that once furnished the means of health and enjoyment, are now filled with stagnant waters, that send forth a white vapour, a malaria, which to inhale, is almost certain death to the stranger. The harbours have become shallow pools of brackish water, that occasion exhalations equally fatal; and it is only in the vallies among the mountains, that the air is pure. The plague too, is

often brought thither from Smyrna, or Cairo, or Constantinople, and sometimes occasions the most dreadful ravages. Whole districts have been known to be entirely depopulated; the land remained without lawful heirs, and the people came from a distance, to take possession without asking leave, or being molested in their occupation. Such is Cyprus, and such the contrast between its present depression, and ancient renown.

Nicotia is its capital. It is situated in the interior of the island, near the base of a mountain, and at the extremity of one of those beautiful plains, near, or on which, almost all the cities of Greece, and Asia Minor were built. The remains of its fortifications, which are still mounted with a few pieces of cannon, attest its former strength; and the wide moat that surrounds the walls, is now an unwholesome fen. It is the residence of a Turkish bashaw, who is always the person who can pay the highest price for the office. He holds his place only for a year, and his sole business, is to make as much money out of it as possible.

About some sixty years ago, Sidi Haly administered the government of the island. He was called Sidi, because he had made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet, and this dis-

tion he considered as entitling him to the privilege of extorting an extraordinary quantity of money from the people whom he governed. Besides, he had paid twelve thousand piastres to the grand vizier for his office, and had a right to expect remuneration. Haly, was a man of singular gravity, a lover of wine, a great reader of the Koran, and a firm believer in the prophet and destiny. It must be confessed, however, that he applied his doctrine of destiny to the affairs of other people, rather than his own. If a peasant apologized for not paying his taxes, on account of the plague, or the failure of his crops, Haly pronounced the word "destiny," and ordered the bastinado. At the same time, he took every precaution to evade his own fate, and kept out of the way of the plague, while he forbade others to stir a foot.

One day his principal dragoman, who wore six embroidered handkerchiefs, surmounted by a piece of red crape for a turban, came into the presence dragging an old peasant by the beard, with one hand, and with the other, pushing forward a young woman his daughter. The peasant was dressed in the costume of the ancient inhabitants of the isle, and though his raiment was neither Persian silk nor embroidered muslin, there was something in his appearance out of the

common way. It seemed, he claimed his descent from Apollonious, a famous disciple of Hippocrates, who settled in the isle a long time ago, as may be well imagined. But Haly, who was the son of an old pedlar that made his fortune by making and selling ancient coins and medals of the Troade to learned travellers, did not care a bezant for a pedigree derived from Mahomet himself.

His daughter was of a figure large, though well proportioned. Her features possessed that perfect regularity, which gives such an expression of sober and commanding dignity to the models of Greece, and communicates to the spectator, the idea of wisdom and virtue combined. Her hair had been carefully braided and wound round her head, but the violence of the dragoman had given it an air of wild discomposure, that in some measure, contrasted with the reposing majesty of her countenance and features. Her garment was a robe of fine white linen, veiling her whole figure, and falling to the ground in long graceful folds.

There was something in her face, figure, dress and demeanor, that made Haly's dignity shake in the wind a little. He felt rather insignificant, and although very anxious to conduct himself with the dignified insolence beseeeming his high

rank, felt it utterly impossible. Finding this the case, he resorted to a method of rallying his importance, often practised by great persons, and always with success. He determined to astonish the girl with his magnificence, and reinstate his declining insolence, by eating and drinking. He clapped his hands, and straight a swarm of attendants came in splendidly attired, and bearing gilded goblets filled with lemonade and sherbet, which they presented with sixteen different genuflexions. Haly drank his goblet with infinite dignity, but the peasant and his daughter stood as erect as before. Haly clapped his hands again. The high priest of the Dervishes came in, and prostrated himself nine times before the mighty governor, touching his lips, crossing his hands, and tickling his ears with his fingers. After which he brushed the dust from his knees, and went about his business. Haly looked round, but the old peasant and the young girl still stood unmoved. Haly clapped his hands a third time, when a fresh party of slaves entered, bearing long pipes of jasmine wood with amber bowls, and these were followed in a little while, by a vast crowd of others in long white vests and turbans of the same colour, who brought an infinite variety of dresses magnificently embroidered, in which

they equipped Haly by turns, while he admired himself like a peacock. The peasant and his daughter remained unmoved, the former with his arms crossed, the latter with her eyes steadily bent on vacancy. Haly stamped his foot in a rage. Upon this, more slaves came in, bringing coffee in cups of solid gold, while others kneeled down before him, holding burning odours under his nose. These were succeeded by another party, who, after prostrating themselves, as it were to ask pardon for the liberty they were about to take, spattered his face with rose water, till the tears ran out of his august eyes. "The d—l is in it," quoth Haly, "if this dont do their business." On wiping his eyes however, he found the old peasant and his daughter standing exactly as before, and apparently quite unconscious of his presence.

His excellency, governor Haly, began to wax warm and thirsty with rage. He ordered his wine and his physician; for it ought to be premised, that he had a dispensation for drinking wine on account of its being necessary to his health. The physician, who was a little fat man with a bald pate, always stood by Haly, feeling his pulse and prescribing a bumper, whenever it become necessary to his health, while the governor amused himself by rubbing the glossy bald

pate of the doctor with the palm of his hand, which seemed to tickle him wonderfully. Having elevated himself to the proper feeling of dignity, Haly lighted his pipe of jasmine and amber, ordered his attendants to seat him with his legs across, upon an ottoman of green silk, embroidered with silver stars and crescents, and puffing forth a huge volume of smoke, began to interrogate the dragoman as to the crime of these incorrigible offenders, who obstinately refused to be astonished at any thing he could exhibit.

The dragoman prostrated himself, and took a mouthful of dust; after which, he addressed Haly as follows—"Most illustrious Sidi Haly, governor of governors, sole proprietor of this island and its rascally peasantry—lord of purses, and bashaw of"—"Stop," said governor Haly, "begin that again—you have left out the best part of my dignities." The dragoman began again—"Most illustrious Sidi Haly, governor of governors, sole proprietor of this island and its rascally peasantry, lord of purses, prince of pickpockets, and master of the bald pated doctor,"—"Ah, that is right," quoth governor Haly, "but notwithstanding, I shall order you the bastinado for having said it wrong first, and right afterwards." So he ordered him a baker's doz-

en, after which the dragoman politely thanked him, and proceeded.

“Most illustrious Sidi Haly, governor of”—
“Never mind the rest of my titles,” interrupted his master, “go on.” “The other day,” continued the dragoman, “as your slave was going his rounds in the neighbourhood of the city, he detected the son of this old man in the very act of eating a pomegranate, before your highness had received your share of the produce of his garden, which, as your highness knows, amounts to two parts out of four.” “Dog,” exclaimed Sidi Haly—and “dog,” echoed the high priest of the Dervishes, who just came in, and who claimed one half of what remained. “Bring the culprit before me,” said Haly in a great passion, “where is the dog?”

“Dead,” said the old peasant raising his eyes to heaven; “Dead,” echoed Sidi Haly, “ah, that is lucky for him; but I shall not fail to punish you the more severely.” The dragoman then proceeded to inform the governor, that he had, in pursuance of the law, which was nothing more than his will, proceeded to demand the usual fine for eating a pomegranate, before his highness, and the most reverend high priest of the Dervishes had received their share. As this was a flagrant case, he demanded a hundred pi-

astres, which the rebellious peasant had resolutely declined paying.

“Dog,” said Sidi Haly turning to the peasant, and twisting his mustachios, as he was accustomed to do when in a great passion; “dog! how dared you refuse paying the hundred piastres?” “I had them not to pay,” answered the peasant. “How!” rejoined Sidi Haly, “what business had you to be without a hundred piastres?” “The drought had destroyed the fruits of my garden.” “Destiny.—But what became of the produce of your fields?” “The locusts had settled upon them, and eaten every spear of grain and grass.” “Destiny again—but why did you not strive to borrow the money? you must be a person of infamous character, not to be able to get credit for an hundred piastres.” “I sent my son to Famagosta, to ask payment of a sum of money which a merchant there owed me, but”—here the voice of the old peasant faltered, “he fell ill of the plague which broke out about that time, and dying by the road side on his return home, was plundered of the money intended for your highness.” “Destiny,” exclaimed Sidi Haly, “but dog, why did you not offer your daughter to sale in the market place? she is beautiful, and may one day be honoured with a place in the harem of the grand signior himself.” “I

have neither wife, nor son, nor daughter left save her alone, and what would become of a feeble old man like me, without some affectionate hand to minister to my infirmities—I cannot part with her.”

“Dog,” answered the governor, stamping his foot at the old man’s unreasonable obstinacy, “not part with her? by Mahomet but you shall, and that without further ceremony! ’Tis your destiny, and you must submit; for even I, though master of this isle and representative of the grand signior, cant resist destiny. You will forthwith be taken to a dungeon, in order to teach you not to let your son eat pomegranates, before I have had my share, and the most reverend high priest of the Dervishes is satisfied. But as it may be a comfort to you to know that your daughter is well taken care of, I hereby inform you, I mean to make her one of my four-score and ten wives.”

During this decision, the agitation of the unfortunate pair became extreme. The father covered his sunken eyes with his shrivelled hands, while the white unsullied linen that covered the bosom of his daughter, rose and fell like the foaming waves of a troubled sea. She wrung her hands, while her streaming eyes, now turned upon her father, now on

Haly, and then on heaven, poured forth torrents of tears. Sidi Haly answered the silent appeal. "Ah, you are right, 'tis your destiny, and there is no getting clear of that. Be silent and obey." "*She cannot speak,*" said the old peasant in a tone of bitter despondency. "Not speak!" exclaimed Sidi Haly, "not speak! I must certainly take her into my haram, a dumb wife will be invaluable. But is she wilfully or naturally dumb?" "Your highness ordered her tongue to be cut out, for beseeching you not to send her two younger brothers to the wars in Egypt, where they both perished." "Ah," said Haly, "she is an old offender I find, as well as yourself. Away with them, one to the dungeon the other to the haram. It will be too great a happiness for this thing, to be permitted the honour of administering to the pleasures of a bashaw of three tails." Sidi Haly was a short thick man, with a dark olive complexion, and humpback, who wore a turban of eight cashmire shawls, and could tie his mustachios under his chin. It was natural therefore that he should think himself irresistible.

The parting scene, when the officers seized the two prisoners to convey them from each other, was enough to soften a rock. The old peasant wept, entreated, and prayed the gover-

nor to accept of his little farm, as the ransom of himself and child. The daughter could not speak, but her eyes were eloquent, and when she threw herself at Haly's feet and clasped his knees, and bowed her head to the dust, even the high priest of the Dervishes felt a sensation, which he had some idea was allied to pity. But Sidi Haly thought it rather ridiculous, that an old man who was half deaf, should make such ado at parting with a young girl, who had lost her tongue. "You will not miss her society," said he tauntingly to the father; "Not miss her!" burst forth the old peasant, "not miss her! O, Sidi Haly, though she could not speak, I was at no loss to understand her. I could not mistake her regrets when I went forth, her joy at my return. When she wept in my sickness, and smiled when I grew well, I knew what she meant—and when she came and kissed my cheek, or hung about my neck, or watched my countenance, to see whether I was troubled—words could not have so displayed her affectionate tenderness. By the prophet you serve—by his tomb you have visited—by the precepts of justice he enjoined his disciples to practice evermore, I beseech thee, Sidi Haly, not to divide a father from his only remaining child." "Say no more," replied Haly, "'tis destiny, and there

is an end of it—take them away.” “Destiny,” exclaimed the old peasant in hopeless desperation, “it is the will of worthless man—God never destined the poor to be the victims of petty tyrants.” “Treason!” cried Haly—“Impiety!” exclaimed the high priest of the Dervishes—“To death with him,” cried they both together. The old man was dragged away by force, and the daughter carried lifeless to the haram. After delivering this righteous judgment, Sidi Haly retired to take his afternoon nap, accompanied by a young slave whose duty it was to keep the flies away, and whose right ear the governor had cut off with his own hand, for permitting a large blue bottle to tickle his nose while he was dozing.

Not long afterwards, the grand vizier hearing that Sidi Haly had amassed two hundred thousand piastres, sent him the bowstring. “It is not my destiny to be choked yet,” quoth Haly, and gathering together all his treasures, fled to Rhodes. While waiting a passage to Egypt, he was overtaken by two janissaries, sent in pursuit of him, who seized his piastres, and ordered him to put forth his neck. “Destiny,” exclaimed Sidi Haly, and submitted to his fate like a Roman.

The bashaw who succeeded him in the government of Cyprus, according to immemorial custom, reversed every thing his predecessor had done, and adopted a different system entirely, except that he considered it the principal business of his office, to get as much money out of the people as possible. The old peasant and his daughter were sought for, the one in the prison, the other in the palace. The dead body of the former was found corrupted in a corner of the dungeon, and the daughter had been magnificently interred about a month before, in a tomb cut out of the solid rock, in the side of a neighbouring mountain, exclusively appropriated to the bashaw's women. The new governor was told this, one afternoon as he sat smoking under an orange tree in his garden, and observed with great gravity, "That it was seldom in the way of man to atone for his own injustice, or that of his fellows. It is always in our power to do evil; to remedy it, is often beyond the reach of all but Allah himself."